

T H L

CHOICE of SPOLLO.

BEING A

COLLECTION OF MODERN

AND MUCH APPROVED

SONGS.

---

The THIRD EDITION, *enlarged*.

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STOCKTON-upon-TEES:

PRINTED by C. HOLTUS.

MDCCXCVIII.

Music Laid Chorus!!!



# CONTENTS.

A Book, a Pipe, &c., a Song, a Glass, Page	9
A Flaxen-haired Cow-boy, &c.	20
A Third of an eye, some's Name Sam	46
A Picture of those merry old Builders	61
A I Lay flat & low walk along,	66
At you that is, &c.	<i>lib.</i>
A Purse, &c. &c. when he hears	75
A Traveller: all my years I have been	86
Eight Thebus has mounted, &c.	14
Bid me, when but winters none,	26
By the City, &c. &c. &c.	30
Beckon'd, only end of pleasure,	41
Behold I'm now a hostile force,	94
Blow, like, then a winter's wind,	104
Forget I'm now a winter's wind,	113
John I've half a year's Soldier was	114
Behold a Devil in distress,	117
Come, Jolly Frolics, &c. of Wine	20
Come Lull, lullie drink, &c.	32
Dear Tom, this brown jug, &c.	42
Discomf'd in an Angel's flame,	58
Every mortal some favourite, &c.	60
Ere round the huge Oak, &c.	102
Fill me a bowl, a mighty bowl,	19
Flow thou Royal Purple Stream, &c.	72

For England when, with fav'ring gale	66
Four and twenty fiddlers all on a row,	105
From tyrant laws and customs free,	107
Gentle Peace with pleasing Smiles,	73
Go patter to lubbers and swabs d'ye see	78
How blest our Condition, &c.	12
How Stands the Glass around,	49
How sweet in the Woodlands, &c.	50
Hark how the Trumpet sounds, &c.	55
How pleasant a Sailor's Life passes	70
How kind and how good, &c.	95
In Charles the Second's merry Days	62
In Vain you tell your Parting Lover	80
In Storms when clouds obscure the sky	81
I am a brisk and sprightly Lad,	110
Jack Ratlin was the ablest Seaman.	109
Loose every Sail, to the breeze,	85
L. P. Martinmas gone a year,	92
Let gay ones and great.	94
Let those who would wish, &c.	97
Ma chere amie, my Charming Fair,	45
My name's Ted Blarney, I'll be bound	116
My loving friend: I kiss your hands	118
No more I'll Court the Town bred fair	27
Now we'er free from Colledge Rules,	33



# CONTENTS.

96	Now to Part on Thetis' Pious,	65
105	Now Phœbus sinketh in the West,	72
107	Of Ups and Downs we daily see,	28
73	Old Charon thus Preach'd, &c.	59
78	On Richmond Hill there lives a Lass,	77
	Once the Gods of the Greeks, &c.	100
12		
49	Preach not to me your musty Fables,	47
50	Peaceful slumbering on the Ocean.	122
55		
70	Sweet Poll of Plympton was my Dear	12
95	Stand to your Guns my Hearts of Oak	16
	See the Courte throng'd with Gazers	40
62	Shall I Wasting in despair,	51
80	Shepherds I have lost my Love,	71
81	Sound alarms! Sound alarms!	115
110		
	Thou art gone awa, thou art gone awa,	13
103	The Romans in England once did sway	16
	The Morn returns in fashion Dress'd,	17
85	Tho' Bacchus may boast of his cars, &c.	18
92	To my Muse give attention, &c.	22
94	The Busy Crew the Sails unherding	31
97	Thro' Waves and Winds in Days, &c.	35
	The Wealthy fool with gold in store	37
45	The Echoing Horn calls the Sportsmen	38
116	The Sun sets in Night and the stars &c.	39
118	Thou hast play'd a false, a faithless part	48
	Time has not thin'd my Flowing Hair,	116
27	To Anacreon in Heaven where he, &c.	50
33	This Earth's the Sun of our Table,	55

# CONTENTS.

To Horfe ye Jolly Sportfman,	68
The Topfails Shiver in the Wind,	72
The Meadows look Charming,	75
'Twas in the good Ship Rover,	76
Tell me. what gives fuch a grace,	85
The heavy hours are almost paff,	89
The Lark's fhriU note awakes the morn	99
While happy in my Native Land,	21
Why Droops my Nan, &c.	25
When Bidden to the Wake or Fair,	43
What Argues Pride and Ambition,	44
With a cheerful Old Friend, &c.	47
When Britia Full at Heaven's, &c.	56
When Phœbus the Tops of the Hills &c.	61
When I took my departure, &c.	82
What means that tender Sigh my dear	88
When wert Sol gang'd down the Weft	98
When the rofy Morn appearing,	99
While with Village maids I ftay,	102
When rural Lads and Lasses gay,	108
While up the Shrouds the Sailor goes	109
Ye ask for a Song, and indeed I'm, &c.	10
Zeno, Plato, Aristotle,	57



T H E  
CHOICE of APOLLO.

---

S O N G I

**A** BOOK, a friend, a song, a glass—  
A chaste, yet laughter loving lass,  
To mortals various joys impart,  
Inform the sense, and warm the heart.  
Thrice happy they who careless laid,  
Beneath a kind embow'ring shade,  
With rosy wreaths their temples crown,  
In rosy wine their sorrows drown.  
Mean-while, the Muses wake the lyre—  
The Graces modest mirth inspire;  
Good-natur'd humor, harmless wit,  
Well-temper'd joys, not grave nor light.  
Let sacred Venus with her heir,  
And dear Janthe too be there—  
Music and wine in concert move  
With beauty and refining love.  
There Peace shall spread her dove-like wing,  
And bid her olives round us spring;  
There Truth shall reign a sacred guest,  
And innocence to crown the rest.  
Be not ambition, riches, toys,  
And splendid cares, and guilty joys:  
Give me, a book, a friend, a glass,  
And a chaste, laughter-loving lass.

## S O N G II.

*(To my true friend the singer)*

**Y**E ask for a song, and indeed I can quite  
 do so.

I cannot elude the good company here  
 For still I begin, you could find me a hurry,  
 The guests would depart, and the feast  
 would be clear.

Yet since that you are so desirous to hear  
 me,

I may well comply, and endeavour my best;  
 But I fear that I shall be sung to a, by those  
 who are near me.

And should I do so will but make me their  
 jest.

*A Gentleman sitting in his flock on the mountain;  
 and said, that's too long for my voice by  
 a word:*

*A Gentleman sitting in his flock on the mountain;  
 and said, that's too long for my voice by a word.*

But in your room, that will be of another,  
 and said, that's too long for my voice by a word.

*Chorus: (Singing) (Singing) (Singing) (Singing)  
 and said, that's too long for my voice by a word.*

SONG

## S O N G III.

**Q**UITE Poll of Plancy I was my dear,

When first I lov'd her in the year,

Adieu, her cheeks ran now a tear,

My heart was hang'd with woe.

**C**ut anchor, woe he, for fear we flood,

He left me to the wind;

Her tears then swell'd the briny flood,

My sighs increased the wind.

**W**e plow'd the deep, and row between

Us by the ocean's vein.

**F**or five long years I have not seen,

My sweet my lonely bride;

**T**hat time I sail'd the world all round,

All for my true love's sake;

But when I saw her home and bound,

I thought my heart would break.

**T**he press-gang bold I said in vain,

To let me come on shore;

**I** long'd to see my Poll again,

For say my love no more.

**"A**nd have they torn my love away?

"And is she gone for ever?

**M**y Poll, the loveliest low'r o' Nav,

She languish'd, droop'd and died!

## S O N G IV.

**H**OW blest our condition ! how jocund  
the day !

Ye swains, can our pleasures be told ?  
To range in sweet order the rows of new hay,  
To lead the stray'd lamb to the fold.

To fetch up the kine for the Maiden we  
love,  
And guard her from noon's burning beam;  
To guide her dear steps, when she leads  
thro' the grove,  
The heifer which pants for the stream.

To carry her pail when with milk it o'erflows  
To wait while she rests on the stile;  
To gather the king-cup, the woodbine, or  
rose,  
To make her a posy the while.

'Tis Fanny the lovely, who causes my smart,  
'Tis she does all maiden's part  
If you ask her dear name, who has conquer'd  
my heart,  
'Tis Fanny the pride of the dell.

*'Tis Fanny, sweet Fanny,  
'Tis Fanny, the pride of the dell.*

SONG

## S O N G V.

**T**HOU art gone awa, thou art gone  
awa,

Thou art gone awa from me, Mary;  
Nor frien'ds nor I could make thee stay,  
Thou hast cheated them and me, Mary;  
Until this hour I never thought,  
That ought could alter thee, Mary;  
Thou'rt still the mistress of my heart,  
Think what you will of me, Mary;

Whate'er he said or might pretend,  
That stole the heart of thine, Mary,  
True love, I'm sure, was ne'er his end,  
Nor was such love as mine, Mary,  
I spoke sincere, nor flatter'd much,  
Had na unworthy thought, Mary,  
And na wealth, or naething such;  
No I lov'd only thee, Mary.

Tho' you've been false, yet while I live,  
No other maid I'll woo, Mary,  
Till friends forget and ' forgive,  
Thy wrongs to them and me Mary,  
So then farewell of this be sure,  
Since you've been false to me, Mary,  
For all the world I'd not ensure,  
Half what I've done for thee, Mary.

# VOICE

**F**  
A  
Th o'   
While   
found.

## CHORUS.

*Hark away, hark away, hark away, in the  
woods, to the sound of the horn,  
Duck, duck, duck, duck, duck, duck, but the echo  
in the forest the horn*

Each hill and each valley is lovely to view;  
While puffs flies the covert and dogs quick  
pursue;  
Behold where she flie o'er the wide spread-  
ing plain,  
While the loud opening pack pursue her,  
again.

*Hark away, &c.*

At length puffs is caught, and lies panting  
for breath,  
And the shout of the huntsman's the signal  
for death;

No



No joys can delight like the sports of the  
To let all pleasure and passion melt  
yield.

*Hark away, &c.*

S O N G VII.

**STAND** ye firm on our towers of oak,  
O let us have our hearts all in one,  
Victory here will crown our brave

Be fierce and be ready:

Rare home your general's command will,  
Let us be sure the best's will sell.

The cannon's roar shall sound the knell;  
Be ready, boys, be ready.

Nor yet, nor yet, reserve your fire,

I do desire:—Fire,

Now the elements do rattle,

The gods, amaz'd behold the battle;

A broadside, my boys.

See the blood in purple tide.

Trickle down her batter'd side:

Wing'd with fate the bullets fly;

Conquer, boys, or bravely die!

Hail destruction on our foes,

She sinks—*Hurra!*

To the bottom down she goes.

## SONG VIII.

**T**HE Romans in England once did sway,  
 The Saxons then after them led the way  
 They tigg'd with the Danes, till an overthrow  
 They both of them met by the Norman Bow.

## CHORUS

*But harring all pether, the one or the other  
 Were all of them Kings in their turns.*

Little Willy the Conquerer long did reign,  
 But Willy his Son by an Arrow was slain,  
 And Harry the first was a Scholar bright,  
 But Stephy was forc'd for his Crown to fight.

Second Harry Plantagenet's name did bear  
 And Cecur de Lion was his Son and Heir;  
 But Magna Charta we gain'd from John  
 Which Harry the third put his Seal upon.

Teddy the first was a Tiger bold,  
 But the second by rebels was bought and sold  
 And Teddy the third was his Subject's pride;  
 Tho' his Grandson Dicky was pepp'd aside.

Harry the fourth was a warlike wight,  
 And Harry the fifth like a Cock would fight;  
 But Hume his Son like a chick did put out,  
 When Teddy his Cousin had kick'd him out.

Poor Teddy the fifth was kill'd in Bed  
 By butchering Dick who was knock'd o'th'  
 Head,

Then

Then Henry the fifth th' in face newely dy,  
 And Henry the sixth was his son.

With Lewis the first yet another day,  
 Tho' Henry the first and fifth the day;  
 But Henry the first and fifth the day;  
 And Henry the first and fifth the day.

But Charles the first and fifth the day,  
 And Charles the first and fifth the day;  
 And James the first and fifth the day;  
 Richard the first and fifth the day.

Queen Anne was victoriously seen and heard,  
 And George the first and fifth the day;  
 And George the first and fifth the day;

And a George the second has long been heard,  
 Long life to the second we've got in his head;

*And may his Son's Sons to the end of the  
 Century*

*All come to be Kings in their turns.*

# S O N G IX.

**T**HE monuments in silence rest,  
 But not so old England's best;  
 The blushing morn'g wakes the strain,  
 Awaits the morn'g choir;  
 But old England's best again  
 Shall strike the heavenly lyre.

## S O N G X.

**T**HIO' Bacchus may boast of his care  
    killing bowl,  
And folly in thought-drowning revels de-  
    light,  
Such worship, alas! has no charms for the  
    soul,  
When softer devotions the senses invite:  
To the arrow of fate, or the canker of care,  
His potions oblivious a balm may bestow;  
But to fancy that feeds on the chains of the  
    fair,  
The death of reflection's the birth of all  
    woe.

What soul that's possess'd of a dream so divine,  
With riot, would bid the sweet vision be  
    gone;  
For a tear that bedews sensibility's shine,  
Is a drop of more worth than Bacchus'  
    tun.  
Each change and excess hath thro' life been  
    my doom,  
And well can I speak of its joy and its  
    strife;  
The bottle affords us a glimpse thro' the  
    gloom,  
But love's the true sunshine that glad-  
    dens our life.

Come

Come then rosy Venus and spread o'er my  
sight,  
The magic illusions that ravish the soul;  
Awake in my breast the soft dream of  
delight,  
And drop from thy myrtle one leaf in my  
bowl:  
Then deep will I drink of the nectar divine,  
Nor e'er, jolly god, from thy banquet  
remove;  
But each tube of my heart ever thirst for  
the wine,  
That's mellow'd by friendship, and sweet-  
en'd by love.

## S O N G XI.

FILL me a bowl, a mighty bowl,  
Large as my capacious soul;  
Vast as my thirst is, let it have  
Depth enough to be my grave;  
I mean the grave of all my care,  
For I design to bury't there.

Let it of silver fashion'd be,  
Worthy of wine, worthy of me,  
Worthy to adorn the iphebes,  
As that bright cup amongst the stars:  
Fill me a bowl, a mighty bowl,  
Large as my capacious soul.

## S O N G XII.

A FLAXEN-HEADED cow-boy, as  
 simple as may be,  
 And next a merry plough-boy, I whistl'd  
 o'er the lea:  
 But now a fancy footman, I strut in worsted  
 lace,  
 And soon I'll be a butler, and wag my jolly  
 face.

When foward I'm promoted, I'll sign a  
 tradesman's bill,  
 My master's coffers empty, my pockets for  
 to fill:  
 When tolling in my chariot, so great a man  
 I'll be,  
 You'll forget the little plough-boy, that  
 whistl'd o'er the lea.

I'll buy votes at elections, but when I've  
 made the pelf,  
 I'll stand poll for the parliament, and then  
 vote in myself:  
 Whatever's good for me, sir, I never will  
 oppose;  
 When all my 'ayes are sold off, why then  
 I'll sell my noes.

And if I should be so, I'll sit  
In my own house, and be content,  
You'll find me there, I'll be so true,  
That I'll be so, I'll be so true.

S O N G    XIII.

**W**HILST happy in my native land,  
I boast of country's charter,  
I'll never basely lend my hand,  
Her liberties to batter:  
The noble mind is not at all,  
By poverty degraded;  
'Tis guilt alone can make us fall,  
And well I am persuaded,  
Each free-born Briton's song should be,  
Or give me death or liberty.  
Tho' small the pow'r which fortune grants,  
And few the gifts she lends us;  
The lordly hireling often wants,  
That freedom which defend us;  
By law secur'd from lawless drife,  
My house is my castellum;  
Thus blest'd with all that's dear in life,  
For lucre shall we sell 'em?  
No: ev'ry Briton's song should be:  
Or give me death or liberty.

## SONG XIV.

**T**O my muse give attention, and deem it  
 not a mystery,  
 If I jumble together music, poetry, and  
 history;  
 The golden days to celebrate of good  
 Queen Bess, Sir.  
 Whose Name, and whose memory posterity  
 may bless, Sir.

*O the golden days of good Queen Bess, Sir  
 Merry be the Memory of good Queen Bess, Sir.*

When we laugh'd at the Bugbears of Dons  
 and Armadours,  
 With their gun-powder puffs, and their  
 blustering Pravaadoes,  
 For we knew how to manage both the Mu-  
 sket and the Bow, Sir;  
 And could bring down a Spaniard as easy as  
 a Crow, Sir.

*O the golden Days, &c.*

Then our Sireers were unpav'd and our  
 Houses were thatch'd, Sir;  
 Our Windows were lattic'd and our Doors  
 only latch'd, Sir;

Yet



Yet so few were the folks for to plunder or  
to rob, Sir;

That the hangman was starving for want of  
a job, Sir.

*O the Golden Days, &c.*

Then our Ladies with large ruffs ty'd round  
about their necks fast,

Wou'd gobble up a pound of beef-stakes at  
a breakfast.

With a neat quill'd up Coif their noddle  
just to fit, Sir,

They were truss'd up as tight as a rabbit for  
the spit, Sir.

*O the Golden Days, &c.*

Then jerkins and doublets, and yellow wor-  
sted hose, Sir,

With a huge pair of whiskers, was the dress  
of the beaux, Sir,

Strong beer, they preferr'd to Claret or  
Hock, Sir,

And no poultry they priz'd like the wing  
of an Ox, Sir.

*O the Golden Days, &c.*

Good Neighbourhood then was as plentiful  
as beef, Sir,

And the poor from the Rich never wanted  
relief, Sir;

Then

Then merrily went the milk-clack, the flint-  
fire and the plow, Sir;

And as it were Men could live by the sweat  
of his brow, Sir.

*O the Golden Days, &c.*

On Sunday the Folks went twice a Day to  
Church, Sir,

And never left the Pardon nor his sermon  
in the lurch, Sir;

They thought that the Sabbath was for Peo-  
ple to do good in,

And call'd it Sabbath-breaking when they  
din'd without a pudding.

*O the Golden Days, &c.*

Then our great Men were good, and our  
good Men were great,

And the props of the Nation were the pil-  
lars of the State;

For the Sovereign and the Subject one inter-  
est supported,

And our powerful Alliance by all Powers  
then was courted.

*O the Golden Days, &c.*

Renown'd thus they liv'd all the Days of  
their Lives, Sir;

Bright Examples of glory to those who sur-  
vive, Sir;

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C

May we, their descendants, pursue the same  
ways, Sir;

That King George, like Queen Bess, may  
have his golden Days, Sir.

*And may a longer Reign of Glory and Success,  
Sir;*

*Make George's Name eclipse the Fame of good  
Queen Bess, Sir.*

## S O N G XV.

**W**HY droops my Nan, and why those  
tears?

Chearful my girl, dispel all fears;

Cast grief aside, while you're afar,

Tumultuous bellows rock your ear:

While howling winds about him blow.

Let not your bosom ache with woe;

A pow'r benignant from above,

Will guard me for my dearest love.

I go, my Nan, my country's friend,

We're dar'd by foes, we must contend;

Glory and honour both invite.

The Youth to fix his native right:

One cheering smile before we part,

Wipe off those drops that sink my heart;

Where'er I go I'll think of you,

One kiss, sweet girl, and then adieu.

SONG

## S O N G    XVI.

**B**ID me, when forty winters more,  
 Have furrow'd deep my aged brow  
 When from my head, a frosty dew,  
 Look by the wither'd tress's flow:  
 When in my veins, that cold and strong,  
 Now tell impetuous youth's fire;  
 Languid and slow scarce creep along,  
 Then bid me court society.

Nature, who form'd the varied scene,  
 Of rage and calm, of fire and ice,  
 Unerring could only mean,  
 That age should reason, youth desire;  
 Shall then that reason, mad, presume  
 (Inverting nature's law) to seize  
 The days of age, in youth's high bloom,  
 And join impossibilities?

No!—let me waste the frolic May,  
 In wanton joys and wild excess;  
 In revel sport, and laughter gay,  
 And mirth, and rosy cheerfulness:  
 Woman, the soul of all delights,  
 And wine, the aid of love be near,  
 All charms me that to joy incites,  
 And ev'ry she, that's kind, is fair,

SONG

## SONG

fair,  
 brow  
 long,  
 subject and duty.  
 I'd have thee,  
 I'd have thee,  
 I'd have thee,

Yet all who here the fables lies lie,  
 I cannot find thee here.  
 In bloom of youth or golden age,  
 'Tis but a name and a simple.  
 Oh! my bonny Bet, &c.

Let dainties be for ladies pine,  
 And rich in dress be it and common;  
 Ye gods! one day with me mine,  
 And all I ask is of my woman.  
 Oh! my bonny Bet, &c.

Come dearest girl, the rol' bowl,  
 Like thy bright-eyes, with pleasure dan-  
 cing;  
 My heart's in thee, to take my soul,  
 With apt me ev'ry term dancing.  
 Oh! my bonny Bet, &c.

SONG

## S O N G XVIII.

**O**F ups and downs we daily see,  
 Examples most surprizing;  
 The high and low, of each degree,  
 Now falling, and now rising:  
 Some up, some down; some in, some out;  
 Some neither one nor t'other:  
 Knaves, Fools, Jews, Gentiles, join the rout,  
 And jostle one another.

*With my heigh!*  
*Gee up! gee ho!*  
*The gleamy prize-bdy,*  
*Truth, honour, honesty,*  
*Truism!*  
*Your honesty's scarce,*  
*Honour's crown is mere farce,*  
*And poor trutht' baw, an obsolete whim wham,*

By ups and downs, so ne folks, they say,  
 Among grantees have got, fir;  
 Who were themselves but yesterday,  
 The Lord knows who, or what, fir:  
 Sans sense, or pence, in merit's chair,  
 They d d and dream supine-o;  
 But now the devil they come there—  
 That neither you nor I know.

*With my heigh! &c.*

Your

Your Country-maid comes up to town,  
 A simple awkward body;  
 In half a year again goes down,  
 No Peacock half so gaudy!  
 Lord ma'am! exclaims the Lawyer's wife,  
 (With scandal ever ready)  
 You see the ups and downs of life,  
 Have made our Meg a lady.  
*With my Heigho, &c.*

Virtue and Vanity are grown  
 Mere buckets in a well, fir;  
 The last gets up the first gets down,  
 As all the World can tell, fir:  
 So many downs poor Virtue meets,  
 Her ups so very few, fir:  
 'Tis said she's naked in the street,  
 But that is nothing new, fir  
*With my Heigho, &c.*

Oh! what an age of ups and downs,  
 Hey! seven's the main, my Lord thrice  
 knocks;  
 Lands, Liberties, Manors, and Towns,  
 Are rattling in the dice box!  
 Up fly the fools! on ruin bent,  
 While they are full in feather;  
 Get stnick'd then tumbling down are sent,  
 Whoop! Pell-Mell all together  
*With my Heigho &c.*

SONG

## SONG X 35

( OME, John P. Adams, poet of the  
 Crowned with a laurel wreath;  
 Let song and exultation come,  
 To celebrate his name:  
 Let the mighty fife and drum,  
 Take up the martial strain,  
 May the wind and flag wither and fall,  
 To fly past our pleasure.  
 That noble Prince, that noble  
 One, the noblest of the  
 The world's glory and fame,  
 The world's glory and fame:  
 And we should not away,  
 With the noblest of the  
 And the noblest of the  
 Live and die with the name.

S O N G S

**I**n the early morning  
 By the low sun in the sky,  
 I saw the clouds going by,  
 Some low down, some high;  
 Some, low down, like the low  
 Laying down on the ground;  
 Some, high up, like the high  
 Some of them, I saw, were  
 Some of them, I saw, were

SONG



## S O N G    XXI.

**T**HE lady on the falls unerring,  
 The firm base of her proud;  
 Jack of all trades, and master of none,  
 Had made the best value King's gold.

His name no one dare attack it,  
 To the world's eye, above, below;  
 Let the world's eye, of his light, here, jacket,  
 With the world's eye like the crown of law.

His heart's heart with pleasure glowing,  
 His love has lighted to the sun;  
 Some had been of his length rowing,  
 But the King's gold.

A flowing pendant of the world's eye,  
 From her mouth, of the world's eye;  
 Red were her lips, of the world's eye;  
 'Twas her face, of the world's eye.

And now the sailing crew surround her,  
 While she sits, of the world's eye;  
 So it was a full hour of the world's eye,  
 They do into each other's arms.

# THE CHOICE

## SONG XXII.

COME bustle, bustle, drink about,  
 And let us merry be;  
 Our cann is full we'll pump it out,  
 And then ali hands to sea  
*And a sailing we will go, &c.*

Fine Miss at dancing school is taught  
 The minuet to tread;  
 But we go better when we've brought,  
 The fore-tack to cat-head.  
*And a sailing we will go, &c.*

The Jockey's call'd to horse, to horse,  
 And swiftly rides the race;  
 But swifter far we shape our course,  
 When we are giving chace.  
*And a sailing we will go, &c.*

When horns and shouts the forest rend,  
 His pack the huntsman cheers;  
 As loud we hollow when we lead,  
 A broadline to Montieurs,  
*And a sailing we will go, &c.*

What's got at sea we spend on shore,  
 With sweethearts, or our wives;  
 And then, my boys, ho!t sail for more,  
 Thus pass the sailors' lives.  
*And a sailing we will go, &c.*

SONG

## S O N G    XXIII.

**N**OW we're free from College rules,  
 From common-place-book reason,  
 From trifling syllogistic schools,  
 And system out of season ;  
 Never more we'll have defin'd,  
 If matter thinks, or thinks not,  
 All the matter we shall mind,  
 Is—he who drinks—or drinks not.

Metaphysic'ly to trace,  
 The mind or soul abstracted ;  
 Or prove infinity of space,  
 By cause on cause eff'cted ;  
 Better souls we can't become,  
 By immaterial thinking,  
 And as to space, we want no room,  
 But room enough to drink in.

*Plenum—vacuum—minus—plus—*  
 Are learned words, and rare too—  
 Those terms our tutors may discuss,  
 And those who please may hear too—  
 A *plenum* in our wine we show,  
 With *plus* and *plus* behind, Sir,  
 And when our cash is *minus*, low,  
 A *vacuum* soon we find, Sir.

*Copernicus*, that learned sage,  
 Dane *Tycho's* error proving,  
 Declares in—I can't tell what page—  
 The Earth round Sol is moving :  
 But which goes round, what's that to us ?  
 Each is, perhaps, a notion ;  
 With Earth and Sun we make no fuss,  
 But mind the *Bottle's* motion.

Great *Galileo* ill was us'd,  
 By superstitious fury ;  
*Antipodeans* were abus'd,  
 By *ignoramus* jury ;  
 But feet to feet, we dare attest,  
 Nor fear a treatment scurvy ;  
 For when we're drunk *probatum est*,  
 We're tumbling topsy turvy.

*Newton* talk'd of lights and shades,  
 And different colours knew, Sir,  
 Don't let us disturb our heads—  
 We will but study two, Sir—  
*White* and *red* our glasses boast,  
 Reflection and refraction ;  
 After him we name our toast—  
 " *The Centre of Attraction.* "

On that Thesis we'll declaim,  
 With *stratum, super stratum*,  
 There's mighty magic in the name,  
 'Tis nature's *populatum* ;

Wine

Wine in Nature's next to love,  
 Then wisely let us blend'em;  
 First tho'—physically prove,  
 That *Nunc, nunc est Bibendum!*

## S O N G XXIV.

**L**OOSE every sail to the breeze,  
 The course of my vessel improve;  
 I've done with the toils of the seas,  
 Ye Sailors I'm bound to my love.

Since Emma is kind as she's fair,  
 My griefs I fling all to the wind:  
 'Tis a pleasing return to my care,  
 My Mistress is constant and kind.

My sails are all fill'd to my dear,  
 What tropic-bird swifter can move!  
 Who, cruel, shall hold his career—  
 That returns to the nest of his love?

Hoist every sail to the breeze,  
 Come shipmates, and join in the song,  
 Let's drink while the ship cuts the seas,  
 To the gale that may drive her along.

## S O N G XXV.

**T**HRO' waves and winds, in days that  
 are no more,  
 I held the helm, and ne'er ran foul of shore;  
 In pitch-dark nights my reck'nings prov'd  
 so true,  
 I rode out safe the hardest gales that blew:  
 And when for fight the signal high was  
 shewn,  
 Thro' smoke and fire, old boreas strait bore  
 down;  
 But now my timbers are not fit for sea:  
 Old England's wooden walls my coast shall  
 be.

From age to age, as ancient story shows,  
 We rul'd the deep in spite of envious foes,  
 And still aloft, tho' worlds combin'd we  
 rise  
 Now all at home are splic'd in friendly ties:  
 In loud broadsides we'll tell both France  
 and Spain,  
 We're own'd by Neptune, sov'reigns of the  
 main:  
 O wou'd my timbers were now fit for sea,  
 Yet England's wooden walls my coast shall  
 be.

SONG

## S O N G    XXVI.

**T**HE wealthy fool with gold in store,  
Will still desire to grow richer;  
Give me but these, I ask no more,  
My charming girl, my friend, and pitcher.

## C H O R U S.

*My friend so rare my girl so fair,  
With these what mortal can be richer;  
Give me but these, a fig for care,  
With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.*

From morning sun I'd never grieve,  
To toil a hedger or a ditcher,  
If that when I come home at eve,  
I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.

*My friend so rare, &c.*

Tho' Fortune ever shuns my door,  
I know not what 'tis can bewitch her,  
With all my heart can I be poor—  
With my sweet girl, my friend, and  
pitcher.

*My friend so rare, &c.*

## S O N G    XXVII.

**T**HE echoing horn calls the sportsman  
abroad;

To horse, my brave boys, and away;  
The morning is up, and the cry of the  
hounds,

Upbraids our too tedious delay;  
What pleasure we find in pursuing the fox!  
O'er hill and o'er valley he flies:

Then follow; we'll soon overtake him—  
huzza!

The traitor is seiz'd on, and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the  
spoil,

Like Bacchanals, shooting and gay,  
How sweet! with the bottle and lass to re-  
fresh,

And loose the fatigues of the day!  
With sport, love, and wine tickle fortune  
defy;

Dull wisdom all happiness sours:  
Since life is no more than a passage at best,  
Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.

SONG



## S O N G    XXVIII.

THE sun sets in night, and the stars shun  
the day,

But glory remains when their lights fade  
away;

Begin ye tormentors, your threats are in vain,  
For the son of Alknomock shall never com-  
plain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow;  
Remember your Chiefs by his hatchet laid  
low;

Why so slow? do you wait 'till I shrink  
from my pain?

No—the son of Alknomock shall never  
complain.

Remember the wood—where in ambush we  
lay,

And the scalps which we bore from your  
nation away;

Now the flame rises fast! You exult in my  
pain;

But the son of Alknomock shall never com-  
plain.

I go to the land where my father is gone;

His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son:  
Death comes like a friend—he relieves me  
from pain;

And the son of Alknomock has scorn'd to  
complain.

## S O N G XXIX.

**S**EE the course throng'd with gazers, the  
sports are begun——

The confusion hut hear. "I bet you, Sir—  
done, done!"

Ten thousand strange murmurs resound far  
and near,—

Lords, Hawkers, and Jockies assail the tir'd  
ear;

Whilst with neck like a rainbow, erecting  
his crest,—

Pamper'd, prancing and pleas'd, his head  
touching his breast,

Scarcely snuffing the air, he's so proud and  
elate,

The high-mettled racer first starts for the  
plate.

Crown aged, us'd up—and turn'd out of  
the stud,

Lame, spavin'd, and wind-gall'd, but yet  
with some blood;

While knowing positions his pedigree trace,  
Tell his dam won this sweepstakes, his sire  
gain'd that race;

And what matches he won too the hostlers  
count o'er,

As they loiter their time at some hedge ale-  
house door;

While

While the harness sore galls, and spurs his  
 sides goad,  
 The high-mettled racer's a hack on the road,  
 Till at last, having labour'd, drudg'd early  
 and late,  
 Bow'd down by degrees, he bends on to his  
 fate;  
 Blind, old, lean, and feeble, he tugs round  
 a mill,  
 Or draws sand till the sand of his hourglass  
 stands still;  
 And now, cold and lifeless, expos'd to the  
 view,  
 In the very same cart, which he yester-day  
 drew;  
 While a pining croud, his sad relics sur-  
 rounds,  
 The high-mettled racer is sold for the hounds

## S O N G    XXX.

**B**ACCHUS! jolly god of pleasure,  
 Pour thy inexhausted treasure,  
 Give me, give me sparkling wine,  
 Let me taste these joys divine—  
 Fill the goblet, fill it high,  
 Swiftly let the moments fly.  
 Hither all you loves, repair,  
 Void of sorrow, void of care;  
 Lovely women bring before me,  
 What extatic joys run o'er me!  
 A way dull care—let Bacchus' theme.  
 Make me expire in pleasure's dream.

**D**EAR Tom this brown jug, which now  
foams with mild ale,  
Out of which I now drink to sweet Kate of  
the Vaie,  
Was once TOBY FILPOT, a thirsty old  
soul,  
As e'er crack'd a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl;  
In boozing about 'twas his pride to excell,  
And amongst jolly topers he bore off the  
belle.

It chanc'd as in dog-days he sat at his ease  
In his flower-woven arbour, as gay as you  
please.

With a friend and a pipe, quaffing sorrow  
away,

And with honest old flingo was soaking his  
clay;

His breath-doors of life on a sudden were  
shut,

And he died full as big as a Dorchester But.

His body, when long in the ground it had  
lain,

And time into clay had resolv'd it again,

A potter found out, in its covert so snug,

And with part of fat Toby he form'd this  
brown jug;

Now

Now sacred to friendship, to mirth, and  
mild ale  
So here's to my lovely sweet Kate of the  
Vale.

## SONG XXXII.

**W**HEN bidden to the wake or fair,  
The joy of each free-hearted swain.  
Till Phoebe promis'd to be there,  
I loiter'd last of all the train.  
If chance some fairing caught my eye--  
The ribbon gay, or silken glove;  
With eager haste I ran to buy,  
For what is gold compar'd to love?

My posy on her bosom plac'd,  
Could Harry's sweeter scents exhale  
Her auburn locks my ribbon grac'd  
And flutter'd in the wanton gale;  
With scorn she hears me now complain,  
Nor can my rustic presents move:  
Her heart prefers a richer swain,  
And gold, alas! has banish'd love.

## S O N G XXXIII.

**W**HAT argues Pride and Ambition,  
Soon or late death will take us in  
its;

Each bullet has got it's commission,  
And when our time's come we must go.

*Then drink and sing, hang pain and sorrow,  
For the halter's made many a neck;  
He that's now 'Vive and lully, to-morrow,  
Perhaps, may be, stretch'd on the deck.*

There was little Tom Linlock of Dover,  
Got kill'd and left Polly in pain;  
Polly dy'd, but her grief was soon over,  
And then she got married again.

*Then drink and sing, &c.*

Jack Junck was ill-us'd by Bet Crocker,  
And so took to sucking the stuff,  
Till he tumbld in old Davy's locker,  
And then he got liquor enough.

*Then drink and sing, &c.*

To a sailor, says one, pray go never  
To sea; your friends dy'd there, 'tis said  
Now Jack, would you sit up for ever,  
Would your heroes dy'd in their bed.

*Then drink and sing, &c.*

For

For our prize more ev'n than to the proctor,  
 Take of joy, while 'tis going, our freak;  
 For what artstudies call the doctor,  
 When the anchor of life is a peak.

*Then drink and sing, &c.*

## S O N G XXXIV.

**M**A chere amie, my charming fair,  
 Whole troubles can banish ev'ry care,  
 In kind compassion smile on me,  
 Whose only cure is love of thee.

*Ma chere amie.*

Under sweet friendship's sacred name  
 My bosom caught the tender flame;  
 My friendship in thy bosom be,  
 Converted into love for me.

*Ma chere amie.*

Together rear'd, together grown,  
 O! let us now unite in one:  
 Let pity soften thy decree;  
 I die, dear maid, I die for thee.

*Ma chere amie.*

SONG

## S O N G XXXV.

**A**TINKER I am, my name's Natty Sam,  
 From dawn to night I trudge it;  
 So low is my rate, my annu'al estate,  
 Lies all within my budget.

*Work for the tinker, ho! good wives,  
 For their husbands is of mettle;  
 'Twere well if you could mend your lives,  
 As I can mend a kettle.*

The man of war, the man of the bar,  
 Physicians, priests, freethinkers,  
 That rove up and down great London town,  
 What are they ail? but tinkers.

*Work for the tinker, &c.*

Thoseaming the great, who tinker the State,  
 And badge the minority;  
 Paw with's the end of their work, my friend?  
 But to give a good majority.

*Work for the tinker, &c.*

This mends his name, that cobbles his fame,  
 That tinkers his reputation;  
 And thus, had I time, I could prove in my  
 rhime

Jolly tinkers of all the nation.

*Work for the tinker, &c.*

SONG



## SONG XXXVI.

**W**HEN a chearful old friend and a  
 merry, old song,  
 And a glass of porter, I'd sit the night long,  
 And laugh at the follies of those that repine,  
 Who drink wine.

For mortal, be he ever so great—  
 I pity the wretch for his lowly estate;  
 Riches but a blower, and deem as a curse,  
 I prize the joys of spirit—not poorness of purse.

Then let us, companions, be jovial and gay,  
 And bravely spend life's remainder away;  
 Let us be a friend, our foes we'll despise—  
 For the more we are envy'd the higher we rise.

## SONG XXXVII.

**P**REACH not to me your musty rules,  
 Nor those, that mould in idle cell;  
 The heart is wiser than the schools,  
 The senses always reason well.

If short my span I less can spare,  
 To pass one single pleasure by;  
 An hour is long, if lost in care—  
 They only live who life enjoy.

SONG

## SONG XXXVIII.

THOU hast play'd a false, a faithless  
part,—

Remorse will wait on thee, my love;  
Ambition hath seduc'd the heart,  
Which honor ow'd to me——my love.

Tho' splendour deck thy nuptial bow'r—  
Tho' pleasures round thee flv, my love;  
Each joy that marks the playful hour,  
Shall labour with a sigh——my love.

And when the pensive moments come,  
(For who from these are free, my love;) Sh  
Perhaps thou'lt mourn thy Melville's doom,  
And lend a tear to me——my love.

## SONG XXXIX.

TIME has not thin'd my flowing hair,  
Nor bent me with his iron hand;  
Ah! why so soon the blossom tear,  
Ere autumn yet the fruit demand.

Let me enjoy the chearful day,  
Till many a year has o'er me roll'd:  
Pleas'd, let me trifle life away,  
And sing of love ere I grow old.

SONG

## S O N G    X L.

**H**OW stands the glass around ?  
 For shame you take no care, my boys,  
 How stands the glass around ?  
 Let mirth and wine abound—  
 The trumpets sound, the colours they are  
 flying, boys,  
 To fight, kill, or wound—  
 May we still be found  
 Content with our hard fate, my boys on the  
 cold ground.

Why, soldiers, why  
 Should we be melancholy, boys ;  
 Why, soldiers, why ?  
 Whose business 'tis to die.  
 What fighting fie !  
 D—mn fear, drink on, be jolly, boys !  
 'Tis he, you, or I—  
 Cold, hot, wet, or dry ;  
 We're always bound to follow, boys.  
 And scorn to fly !

'Tis but in vain—  
 I mean not to upbraid ye, boys,  
 'Tis but in vain,  
 For soldiers to complain  
 Should next commend  
 And us to him that made us, boys,    We're

We're free from pain!  
 But if we remain,  
 A bottle and good company  
 Cure all again.

## S O N G XLI.

**H**OW sweet in the woodlands, with  
 fleet hounds and horn,  
 To waken shrill echo, and taste the fresh  
 morn;  
 But hard is the chase my fond heart must  
 pursue,  
 For Daphne, fair Daphne, is lost to my  
 view:—

She's lost:

Fair Daphne is lost to my view.

Assist me, chaste Dian, the nymph to regain,  
 More wild than the roebuck, and wing'd  
 with disdain:

In pity o'er take her, who wounds as she  
 flies——

Tho' Daphne's pursu'd—'tis Myrtillo that  
 dies?——

That dies!

Tho Daphne's pursu'd——'tis Myrtillo that  
 dies.

SONG

## S O N G    XLII

SHALL I wasting in despair,  
Die because a woman's fair?  
Shall my cheeks look pale with care,  
'Cause another's rosy are?  
Be she fairer than the day,  
Or the flow'ry meads in may;  
Yet if she think not well of me,  
What care I how fair she be.

Shall a woman's goodness move  
Me to perish for her love;  
Or, her worthy merits known;  
Make me quite forget my own?  
Be she with that goodness blest,  
As may merit name the best;  
Yet if she be not such to me,  
What care I how good she be.

Be she good, or kind, or fair,  
I will never more despair;  
If she love me, this believe,  
I will die ere she shall grieve;  
If she scorn me when I woo;  
I will scorn, and let her go:  
So if she be not fit for me,  
What care I for whom she be?

SONG

## S O N G XLIII.

**T**O Anacreon in Heaven, where he sat  
in full glee,

A few sons of harmony sent a petition,  
That he their inspirer and patron would be,  
When this answer arriv'd from the Jolly  
Old Grecian

"Voice, fiddle, and flute,  
No longer be mute,  
I'll lend you my name, and inspire you to  
boot;

And besides I'll instruct you like me to  
entwine.

*The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus' Vine."*

The news through Olympus immediately  
flew

When Old Thunder pretended to give  
himself airs;

"If these mortals are suffer'd their scheme  
to pursue,

The devil a Goddess will stay above  
flair:

Hark! already they cry.

In transports of joy.

Away to the Sons of Anacreon we'll fly,  
And there with good fellows we'll learn to  
entwine.

*The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus' Vine."*

"The

"The yellow-hair'd god, and his nine fusly  
maids,

From Helicon's banks will incontinent flee;  
Idalia will boast but of tenantless-shades—

And the bi-forked hill a mere desert will  
be:

My Thunder, no fear on't

Shall soon do its errand,

And d—mn-me I'll twing the ringleaders,  
I warrant,

I'll trim the young dogs for thus daring to  
twine.

*The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus' Vine."*

Apollo rose up, and said "prithce ne'er  
quarrel,

Good King of the gods' with thy Vot'ries  
below;

Your thunder is useless,"—then showing his  
Laurel

Cry'd "*Sic exitabile Fulmen*, you know;  
Then over each head,

My laurels I'll spread,

So my sons from your crackers no mischief  
shall dread.

Whilst snug in their Club-Room they jo-  
vially twine,

*The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus' Vine."*

Next

Next Momus got up with his risible phiz,  
And swore with Apollo he'd cheerfully  
join,

"The full tide of harmony still shall be his,  
But the song and the catch, and the  
laugh shall be mine ;

Then Jove be not jealous,  
Of these honest fellows."—

Cry'd Jove. "we relent, since the truth  
you now tell us,

And swear, by Old Styx, that they long  
shall entwine,

*The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus' Vine."*

Ye sons of Anacreon, then join hand in  
hand,

Preserve Unanimity, Friendship, and  
Love,

'Tis yours to support what's so happily  
plann'd,

You've the sanction of gods, and the fiat  
of Jove :

Whilst thus we agree,

Our toast let it be.

May our club flourish happy, united, and  
free

And long may the sons of Anacreon  
entwine.

*The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus' Vine.*

SONG



## S O N G XLIV.

**H**ARK how the trumpet sounds to  
battle!

Hark how the thund'ring cannons rattle!

'Tis cruel ambition now calls me away,

While I have ten thousand kind soft things  
to say.

*While honor alarms me,*

*Young Cupid disarms me,*

*And Celia so charms me, I cannot away.*

Hark again, honor calls me to arms!

Hark how the trumpet so sweetly it charms

Celia no more must be obey'd,

Cannons are roaring, and ensigns display'd.

## S O N G XLV.

**T**HIS bottle's the fun of our table,

His beams are rosy wine,

We——planets that are not able

Without his help to shine.

Let mirth and glee abound!

You'll soon grow bright

With borrow'd light,

And shine as he goes round.

SONG

## S O N G XLVI.

**W**HEN Britain first, at heav'n's com-  
mand,

Arose from out the azure main,

Arose, &c.

This was the charter, the charter of the land,  
And guardian angels sung the strain.

*Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,  
For Britons never shall be slaves.*

The nations, not so blest as thee,  
Must in their turns to tyrants fall,  
Must, &c.

Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish  
great and free,

The dread and envy of them all.

*Rule Britannia, &c.*

Still more majestic shalt thou rise——

More dreadful from each foreign stroke,

More dreadful, &c.

As the loud blast that tears the skies,

Serves but to root thy native oak.

*Rule Britannia, &c.*

The haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;

All their attempts to bend thee down,

All their, &c.

Will

Will but arouse, arouse thy gen'rous flame,  
And work their woe, and thy renew'n.

*Rule Britannia, &c.*

To thee belongs the rural reign——

Thy cities shall with commerce shine,

Thy cities, &c.

All thine shall be the subject main,

And ev'ry shore it circles thine.

*Rule Britannia, &c.*

The Mus's, still with freedom sound,

Shall to thy happy coast repair,

Shall, &c.

Bless'd isle! with beauty, with manly  
beauty crown'd.

And manly hearts to guard the fair

*Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves.*

*For Britannia never will be slave.*

## S O N G XLVII.

ZENO, Plato, Aristotle.

All we e lovers of the Bottle,

Painters, and musicians

Churchmen, lawyers, and physicians,

All admire a pretty Id.

Admire a cheerful glass:

Let's not be so much in a passion,

Love and drinking are no treason.

D

SONG

## S O N G XLVIII.

**E**NCOMPASS'D in an Angel's frame,  
 An Angel's virtues lay;  
 Too soon did heav'n assert the claim,  
 And call'd its own away.  
 My Anna's worth, my Anna's charms,  
 Must never more return;  
 What now shall I these widow'd arms?  
 Ah! me——my Anna's Ux.

Can I forget that bliss refin'd  
 Which I felt with her I knew?  
 Our hearts in sacred bonds entwined,  
 Were bound by love too true,  
 The mutual trust, which once were us'd,  
 In future days to turn,  
 To grief and tears Anna's eyes turn'd.  
 Now weeping ask her aid!

The soul escaping from its chain,  
 She clasp'd me to her breast;  
 To part with thee is all my pain,  
 She cry'd——she's fain to rest  
 While I'm away that her feet retain,  
 And her tears Anna turn.  
 My soul shall be a slave to thee, O Anna,  
 Till I can see thee again.

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There, with the earliest dawn, a dove  
 Laments her murder'd mate:  
 There Philomela, lost to love,  
 Tells the piteous moon her tale.  
 With view and ivy round me spread,  
 My Anna there I'll maintain,  
 For all my soul, now there is laid,  
 Concenters in her urn.

## S O N G

OLD Chiron thus preach'd to his pupil  
 Achilles;  
 I'll tell you, young gentleman, what the  
 fate's will is,  
 You, my boy, must go,  
 (The gods will have it so)  
 To me I go to Troy:—  
 There never to return to Greece again,  
 But before there walls to be slain.

Ne'er let your noble courage be cast down;  
 But, all the while you sit before the town,  
 Drink and drive care away, drink and be  
 merry.  
 You'll see so the sooner to the Stygian  
 ferry.

## S O N G L.

**N**OW to pant on Thetis' breast,  
 Phoebus blushes down the West,  
 And in rapture seems to say,  
 Mortals end like me the day.  
 Join ye merry rural throng,  
 Ninth and Music, dance and song;  
 Ever happy, ever gay,  
 Life is here a holiday.

Nature's freeborn subjects reign,  
 Placing tenants of the plain.  
 'Tis for us the goddess spreads,  
 Verdant meads and flow'ry beds,  
 While the varying seasons flow,  
 Beauty bids our bosom glow.

Ever happy, &c.

Ev'ry nymph and ev'ry youth,  
 Melt with fondness, warmth, and truth,  
 Sunny vale and shady grove,  
 Echo to the voice of love;  
 And the changeful year supplies,  
 Pleasure to the heart and eyes.

Ever happy, &c.

Far from roof, from home, or state,  
 I see the smiles of the great,  
 Shew the crown of glory's rays,  
 Here the bard in rapture sings;

While

While the god of soft delight  
 Glads the noon and cheers the night.  
 Ever happy, &c.

## S O N G    L I.

**W**HEN Phoebus the tops of the hills  
 does adorn,  
 How sweet is the sound of the echoing horn  
 When the antling stag is rouz'd by the  
 sound,  
 Erecting his ears, nimbly sweeps o'er the  
 ground  
 And thinks he has left us behind on the plain:  
 But still we pursue--and now come in  
 view                      of the glorious game

O, see! how again he rears up his head,  
 And, winged with fear, redoubles his speed,  
 But, Oh! 'tis in vain, 'tis in vain that he  
 flies——

That his eyes loose the huntsman, his ears  
 loose the cries,

For now his strength fails him, he heavily  
 flies——

And he pants, till, with well-scented  
 hounds                      surrounded, he dies.

SONG

## S O N G    LII.

**I**N Charles the second's merry days  
For wanton follies noted,  
A lover of cabals I was— —

With wine, like Bacchus, bloated,  
I preach'd unto my crowded pews,  
Wine was by heav'n's command, Sir,  
And d—m'd was he who did refuse,  
To drink whilst he could stand, Sir.

*And this is law I will maintain,  
Unto my dying day, Sir;  
That whosoever King shall reign,  
I'll drink my gallon away, Sir.*

When I met the Scot assum'd the crown,  
He shav'd to stand alone, Sir;  
But quickly got so drunk, that down  
He tumbled from the throne, Sir;  
One morning soon sick, pale and queer,  
By sitting up with his queen,  
He call'd to 'home' where priests fevers,  
Deny the cup to laymen.

*And this is law, &c.*

When Will, the tipling Dutchman, said  
Our liberties from sinking—  
We crown'd him *King of cups*, and crav'd  
The privilege of drinking.

H.



He drank your Holland's gin, the sold,  
 And held predestination;  
 Felt not to know the tipping trade,  
 Admits no titillation.

*And this is line, C.*

When Brandy-Nap became our Queen,  
 'Twas all a drunken merriment;  
 If I had drunk from morn till e'en,  
 And so was thought a Party;  
 Pinn'd of wine, all sober folks  
 We d—m'd, and moderation,  
 Till to night, No to we paw'd to France,  
 Our dearest consolation.

*And this is line, C.*

King George the first then said to  
 them,

And took the resolution

To drink all sorts of liquors known,

To live the royal Roman.

He drank French, Italian, Spanish,

Port, and all sorts of liquors known,

To live the royal Roman.

He cry'd to em, drink up the bowl, Sir,

*And this is line, C.*

King George the second then arose,

A wife and valiant fool, Sir;

He lov'd his people, beat his foes,

And push'd about the bowl, Sir.

He drank his fill to Chatham Will,  
 To heroes, for he chole 'em;  
 With us true Whigs he drank until,  
 He slept in Abram's bosom.

*And this is law, &c.*

His Present Majesty then came,  
 Whom heaven long preserve, Sir;  
 He "gloried in a Briton's name,"

And swore he'd never swerve, Sir.  
 Though evil counsellors may think  
 His love from us to sever,

Yet let us, loyal Britons, drink.

Our gracious King for ever.

*And this is Law I will maintain,  
 Till time shall wish me away, Sir,  
 That whatsoever King shall reign,  
 I'll drink my gollen a day, Sir.*

### S O N G III.

A PLAGUE of those musty old lubbers,  
 Who tell us to fast and to think,  
 And patient fall in with life's rubbers,  
 With nothing but water to drink.

A can of good stuff, had they twigg'd it,  
 Would have set them for pleasure agog,  
 And, spite of the rules,  
 The rules of the school,  
 The old fools would have all of them  
 swigg'd it.

*And so, there was nothing like grog*

*My*

# OF APOLLO.

69

My father, when I left him in the land  
Return'd with a new store of wine  
Cy'd, Jack, and the other boys  
To drink—*and the other boys*  
So I paid round the bottle—*and the other boys*  
And a letter to the other boys.

And he swig'd, and Mr. M.  
And Edger, and I brother.

And I swig'd, and all of us boys  
*And I swig'd, and all of us boys*

One day when the Charles was at the  
Behind him I came with the bottle.

Art, while he was busy teaching  
As how we should manage our drink.

I put him the stuff, and he swig'd it,  
Which got for his recovery.

And he swig'd, and Nick swig'd,  
And Ben swig'd, and Jack swig'd,

And I swig'd, and all of us boys  
*And I swig'd, and all of us boys*

*And I swig'd, and all of us boys*

Then trust me, there's nothing as pleasing  
So please it on this side the grave;  
It keeps the wretched from the grave;  
And makes 'em more valiant men.

For me, from the moment I swig'd  
The good stuff has so set me  
Sick or well, late or early,  
Wind foully or fairly,

I've consoled the swig'd to;  
*and, damn me, I've consoled the swig'd to*

*and, damn me, I've consoled the swig'd to*

D ; SONG

## SONG LIV.

AS I saw fair Clora walk alone,  
The feather'd snow came softly down;  
As Jove descending from his tow'r,  
To court her in a silver show'r.

The wanton snow flew to her breasts,  
Like little birds into their nests;  
But being o'ercome with whiteness there,  
For grief dissolv'd into a tear.

Thence falling on her garment's hem,  
To deck her, froze into a gem.

## SONG LV.

ALL you that are wise, and think life  
worth enjoying—

Or soldier or sailor by land or by sea,  
In loving and laughing your time be em-  
ploying.

Your glass to your lips, and your last on  
your knee.

Come sing away, honeys, and cast off all  
sorrow—

Tho' we all die to-day, let's be merry to-  
morrow;

An hundred years hence will be too late to  
borrow,

A moment of time to be joyful and free.

*Come sing away, &c.*

My

# OF APOLLO. 67

My Lord and the Bishop, in spite of their  
splendour,

When darts give the call, from their  
glorious part:

Your heart is the same, when the summons is  
sent her,

Will not the blood ebb from the cheek  
to the heart.

Then sing away, honeys, and cast off your  
sorrow ———

Tho' you all die to-day, yet be merry to-  
morrow;

An hundred years hence will be too late to  
borrow,

A cordial to cherish the sorrowful heart.

*Then sing away, &c.*

For riches, and honour, then why all this riot—

Your wrangling and jangling, and all  
your alarms?

Alas! burn me my honeys you'd better be  
quiet,

And take, while you can, your kind girl  
to your arms,

You'd better be singing, & casting off sorrow!

Tho' you all die to-day, sure, be merry to-  
morrow;

An hundred years hence 'twill be too late to  
borrow

One moment of joy, and enjoy her sweet  
charms.

*You'd better, &c.*

D G

SONG.

## S O N G LVI

**T**O beise ve jolly sportsmen,  
 And meet the new-horn day,  
 I offer to let their name's fish,  
 In creature him to prey.

*And a hunting, &c.*

Beise name teaches Reward, craft,  
 To ever be the best of the best,  
 And ye must be the chiding dogs,  
 While they run down the fox.

*And a hunting, &c.*

He killed him one another,  
 Your name on him the first;  
 For he is for heaven, and name for hell,  
 Old Sam hunts him all.

*And a hunting, &c.*

Some few would hunt for honor,  
 And some that's for the best,  
 Some would hunt for the best,  
 And some go hunt the best.

*And a hunting, &c.*

Our nation kindly fellow,  
 The name's d spirit case,  
 Will let their for and for's make,  
 In hunting out a place.

*And a hunting, &c.*  
*For*

Tell cry the tories hunt the whigs,  
Who in their turns pursue;  
And murther one another down,  
Run down their country too.

*And a hunting, &c.*

He never hunts out evil-doers,  
Your title to him is in vain;  
He'll hunt the right till it be wrong,  
Then hunt it back again.

*And a hunting, &c.*

The tender daily hunt is he set,  
Both one and both to do away;  
Will hunt a mother's heart another's pulse,  
And lose sight of their own.

*And a hunting, &c.*

The lasses hunt their lovers,  
Each lover hunts his life;  
The loss in place of his dear life,  
Hunts our Lech's life.

*And a hunting, &c.*

O'er hill and dale with hounds and harr,  
Let hunt boys while they last;  
The game well hunt for living souls,  
Revenge the dead at last.

*And a hunting, &c.*

SONG

## S O N G LXX.

**H**OW pleasant a sail on the waves,  
Who roams o'er the deep by main  
No treasure he ever amiss,

But cheerfully for its all he gains.  
We're strangers to envy and fiction,  
To honor and honesty true,  
And would not commit a base action,  
For power and profit in view.

*Then why should we quarrel for riches,  
Or any sure glittering toy?  
A light heart, and a pair of thin breeches,  
Go through the world, my brave boys.*

The world is a beautiful garden,  
Enrich'd with the blessings of life;  
The soil with plenty rewarding,  
Which plenty too often breeds strife,  
When terrible tempests assail us,  
And mountainous billows affright:  
Nor grandeur nor wealth can avail us;  
But skilful industry theirs right.

*Then why should we, &c.*

The courtier's more subject to dangers,  
Who rules at the helm of the State,  
Than we, who're to politics strangers.  
Escape the snares laid for the great.

The



The various blessing of nature,  
 In various nations we try;  
 No mortals than us can be greater,  
 Who merely live till we die.

*Then why should we, &c.*

## S O N G LVIII.

SHEPHERDS I have lost my love,  
 Have you teen my Anna?  
 The pride of ev'ry shady grove  
 Upon the banks of Banna.  
 I for her my home forlook,  
 Near yon misty mountain;  
 Left my flock, my pipe my crook,  
 Greenwood shade, and fountain.

Never shall I see them more,  
 Until her returning;  
 All the joys of life are o'er——  
 From gladness chang'd to mourning,  
 Whither is my charmer flown?  
 Shepherds tell me whither?  
 Ah! Woe for me, perhaps she's gone,  
 For ever and for ever.

SONG

# THE CHOICE

## S O N G LIX.

**N**OW Phœbus sinketh in the West—  
 Welcome song and welcome jest—  
 Midnight shouts and revelry—  
 Tinsel, dance, and jollity.  
 Brag your looks with rosy twine,  
 Dropping odours, dropping wine.

Rigour now is gone to bed—  
 And advice, with scrupulous head,  
 Strict age, and sour severity,  
 With their grave frowns, in slumber lie.

## S O N G LX.

**F**LOW thou regal, purple stream, tinted  
 by the solar beam,  
 In my goblet sparkling life, cheer my heart  
 and glad my eyes:  
 My brain ascend on fancy's wing,  
 'Noint me wine a jovial king,  
 While I live I'll love my city, when I'm  
 dead and gone away,  
 Let my thirsty subjects live a Month he  
 reiga'd, but that was May.

SONG

## S O N G IXL.

GENTLE Peace with pleasing smiles,  
Welcomes the Sailor from his Toils;  
His Prize is won, his wages paid,  
The Ship safe in the Harbour laid;  
To Sall he fleets with all his force,  
And swears from her he'll part no more.

Dear Tom says she, when through the door,  
With hollow blasts the wind did roar,  
My constant heart it was fill'd with woe,  
Lest you should to the bottom go,  
But now the cruel wars are o'er,  
I hope we'll meet to part no more.

Dear Sall, says he, when bullets flew  
About my head, and half the crew  
Laid stretch'd on deck, bid fight to see,  
I felt no fear, but thought on thee;  
Still hoping when the wars were o'er,  
My Sall and I should part no more.

Come, come, says Tom, with out delay,  
Unto the Church let's bear away,  
The Parson then with Golden twine,  
Shall lock secure your heart and mine;  
In Peace and Love we'll live on shore,  
And nought but death shall part us more.

SONG

## S O N G    LXII.

**T**HE top-sails shiver in the wind,  
 The ship she calls to sea;  
 But yet my soul, my heart, my mind,  
 Are, Mary, moor'd with thee:  
 For tho' thy sailor's bound afar,  
 Still love shall be his leading star.

Should Lindmen flatter, when we're sail'd,  
 O doubt their artful tales;  
 No gallant sailor ever sail'd,  
 If Love breath'd constant gales,  
 Thou art the compass of my soul,  
 Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Sirens in every port we meet,  
 More soft than rocks and wave;  
 But sailors of the British fleet,  
 Are lovers, and not slaves:  
 No false allurements shall seduce,  
 Altho' we've left our hearts with you.

These are our cares; but if you're kind,  
 We'll scorn the dashing main,  
 The rocks, the billows and the wind,  
 The powers of France and Spain,  
 New Britain's glory rest, with you,  
 Our sails are full—sweet girls, adieu.

SONG

## S O N G LXIII.

As turns the charger, when he hears  
The trumpet's martial sound;  
Eager to scour the fields, he ears,  
And spurns th' indented ground.

He snuff the air, erecfs his flowing mane;  
Scent's the big war, and sweeps along the  
plain.

Impatient then my ardent soul,  
Bounds forth on wings of wind,  
And snuffs the moments as they roll,  
Wah'ing ing pace behind.

## S O N G LXIV.

THE meadow-lark chattering, the birds  
Sweetly sing,  
Sedately they care the profits of Spring;  
Tho' nature rejoices, poor Nora shall  
mourn,  
Until her dear Patrick again shall return.

Ye Lasses of Dublin! bid hide your gay  
chairs  
Nor shure my dear Patrick from Nora's  
fond arms:  
That Girls and husbands and bees are true,  
They had not a heart with such feelings as  
mine.

SONG

## SONG LXV.

'TWAS in the good ship Rover  
 I sail'd the world around,  
 And for three years, and over  
 I ne'er touch'd British ground:  
 At last in England landed,  
 I left the roving main;  
 Found all relations friended,  
 And went to sea again.

That time bound strait for Portugal,  
 Right fore and aft we bore;  
 But, when we made Cape Otugal,  
 A gale blew off the shore;  
 She lay, so did it shock her,  
 A log upon the main,  
 'Till sav'd from Davy's locker,  
 We put to sea again.

Next in a frigate sailing  
 Upon a squally night;  
 Thunder and light'ning hailing,  
 The horrors of the fight:  
 My precious limb was lopp'd off,  
 I, when they'd eas'd my pain.  
 Thank'd God I was not popp'd off,  
 And went to sea again.

Yet still I am enabled  
 To bring up in life's rear;

Although

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Although I'm quite disabled,  
 And lie in Greenwich tier  
 The King, God bless his roy' best  
 Who sav'd me from the main,  
 I'll praise with love and loyalty,  
 But ne'er to sea again.

## S O N G LXVI.

**C**N Richmond Hill there lives a lass,  
 More bright than May-day morn:  
 Whole charms all other maids surpass,  
 A rose without a thorn.  
 This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,  
 Has won my right good will,  
 I'd crowns resign to call her mine,  
 Sweet lass of Richmond Hill.

Ye zephyr gav that fan the air,  
 And wanton thro' the grove;  
 O whisper to my charming fair—  
 I die for her in love.  
 This lass so neat, &c.

How happy will the shepherd be,  
 Who calls this nymph his own:  
 O may his choice be fix'd on me—  
 Mine fix'd on her alone.  
 This lass so neat, &c.

SONG

SONG LXVII.

**G**o patter to lubbers and swabs d'ye see  
'Bout danger, and fear, and the lik ;  
A tight water boat, and good sea room  
give me,

And t'ent to a little I'll stike :  
Though the tempest top gallant-masts sinack  
smooth should smite,

And shiver each splinter of wood,  
Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bouze  
every thing tight,

And under reef'd foresail we'll scud ;  
Awa', nor don't think me a milk top so soft  
To be taken for trifles aback,

For they say there's a Providence sits up  
aloft,

To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

Why I heard the good chaplain palaver  
one day,

About souls heaven, mercy, and such,  
And, my timbers, what lingo he'd coil and  
belay,

Why 'twas just all as one as High Dutch  
Put he said how a sparrow can't founder,  
d'ye see,

Without orders that come down below,  
And many fine things that prov'd clearly  
to me.

That Providence takes us in tow ;

For



For say, he, do you mind me let storms e'er  
for out,

Take the toddlers of sailors aback,  
There's a sweet little cherub that sits up  
aloft,

To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

I said to our Poll, for you see she would  
cry,

When sail we weigh anchor for sea,  
What arguings, fiv'ling and piping your  
eye?

Why, what a d—n'd fool you must be:  
Can't you lie the world's wide and there's  
room for us all,

Both for fiddlers and lubbers ashore;  
A d—n'd to old Dad! I should go my dear Poll,  
Why you never will hear of me more:

What then, all's a hazard, come don't be  
so f—t,

Perhaps I may laughing come back,  
For d—n's see there's a cherub sits smiling  
aloft.

To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

D—n mind me, a sailor should be every inch

As one as a piece of a ship  
And with her brave the world, without  
offer to finish

From the moment the anchor's a trip:

A.

For

As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides,  
and ends,

Nought's a trouble from duty that springs,  
For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino  
my friend's,

And as for my life 'tis the king's:  
Even when my time comes ne'er believe me  
so soft,

As with grief to be taken aback,  
That same little cherub that sits up aloft,  
Will look out a good birth for Poor Jack.

### S O N G LXVIII.

**I**N vain you tell your parting lover,  
You with fair winds may waft him over;  
Alas! what winds can happy prove,  
That bear me far from what I love?  
Alas! what dangers on the main,  
Can equal those that I sustain,  
From slighted vows and cold disdain?

Be gentle and in pity choose  
To wish the wildest tempests loose:  
That thrown again upon the coast  
Where first my thin weak'd heart was lost,  
I may once more repeat my pain:  
Once more in dying notes complain,  
Of slighted vows, and cold disdain.

SONG

## S O N G LXXV.

IN storms when clouds obscure the sky,  
 And thunders roar, and lightning fly,  
 In midst of all these dire alarms,  
 I think, my Sally, on thy charms,  
 The troubled main, the wind and rain,  
 My ardent passion prove;  
 Lash'd to the helm, should I as Jowheir,  
 I'd think on thee, my love.

When rocks appear on either side,  
 And art's in vain the ship to guide,  
 In vain those when death appears,  
 The thought of thee no longer fears,  
 The troubled main, the wind and rain,  
 My ardent passion prove;  
 Lash'd to the helm, should I as Jowheir,  
 I'd think on thee, my love.

But should the gracious power be kind,  
 Dispel the gloom and still the wind,  
 And waft me to thy arms once more,  
 Safe to thy long lost native shore,  
 No more the main, I'd tempt again,  
 But tender joys improve,  
 When with thee, should I happy be,  
 And think on nought but thee.

## S O N G LXX.

**W**HEN I took my departure from  
 Dublin's sweet town,  
 And for England's ownself through the  
 seas I did plow:  
 For four long days I was toss'd up and  
 down,  
 Like a quid of chew'd hay in the throat  
 of a cow;  
 While afraid off the deck in the ocean to  
 slip, Sir,  
 I clung like a cat fast hold for to keep.  
 Sir;  
 Round about the big post that grows out of  
 the ship, Sir,  
 O I never thought more to sing langolee.  
 Thus standing sleek still, all the while I was  
 moving,  
 Till Ireland's coast I saw clean out of  
 sight;  
 Myself the next day at one Irishman pro-  
 ving,  
 When leaving the ship on shore for to  
 light:  
 As the board they put out was too narrow  
 to quarter,  
 The first step I took was in such a totter,  
 That I jump'd on dry land, to my neck up  
 in water;  
 O that was no time to sing langolee.

But

But as sharp cold and hunger I never yet  
knew more,

And my stomach and bowels did grumble  
and growl,

I thought the best way to get each in good  
humour,

Was to take out the wrinkles of both, by  
my soul;

So I went to a house where roast meat they  
provide, Sir,

With a whirligig, which up the chimney  
I 'saw'd, Sir,

And which grinds all their smoke into  
powder besides, Sir—

'Tis true as I'm now singing lingolee.

Then I went to the landlord of all the stage  
coaches,

That set off for London each night in  
the week,

To whom I obnoxiously made my approaches  
As a birth aboard one I was come for to  
seek,

But as for the inside, I'd no cash in my  
casket,

Says I, with your leave, I make bold, Sir,  
to ask it.

When the coach is gone off, pray what time  
goes the basket?

For there I can ride and sing lingolee.

# THE CHOICE

While, making his mouth up — "the Duke  
has it, Sir,

Given him the duchy a full hour or two,"  
Very well, Sir, says I, that's the thing then  
for me, Sir,

But the devil a word that he told me was  
true,

For though ere went before, and the other  
I heard, Sir,

They let off each by pole at the very same  
time, Sir;

So the same day, at night, I set out by  
moon-shine, Sir,

All alone by myself singing langolee.

O long life to the moon, for a brave noble  
creature,

That serves us with lamp-light each night  
in the dark!

While the sun only shines in the day, which,  
by nature,

Wants no light at all—as you all may  
remark;

But as for the moon, by my soul I'll be  
bound, Sir,

It would live the whole nation a great many  
pounds, Sir,

To subscribe for to light him up all the year  
round, Sir,

Or I'll never sing more about langolee.

SONG

THE

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## OF APOLLO.

63

## S O N G I X X I.

TELL me, what gives such a grace  
To the pale, unmeaning Face  
That disguising,  
Darts surprisings,

Making small faults look so big;  
'Tis the well comb'd *Daisy* ring.

Shad'd thus from vulgar view,

Lucent duncks lies *Purple*;

On one seeming,

Knows not how dreaming,

Skulks the proud conceited man,

In the well comb'd *Daisy* ring.

Barber, 'tis to you they come,

All the wisdom that they know,

From your college,

*Wit* and *Knowledge*;

Make each Head almost bald;

In the well comb'd *Daisy* ring.

Make attentions while you comb,

For the trick long play'd on man;

Break your *Neck* up,

Put your *Head* up;

For each head who'd give a fig?

Save the well comb'd *Daisy* ring.

F 3

SONG

## S O N G LXXII.

A Traveller full forty years I have been,  
 But never trip't over to France;  
 All Cities and most market towns have  
 been in.

'Twixt Berwick-on-Tweed and Penzance;  
 My own native Country with Pleasure I  
 range,

All seasons and times of the year,  
 In I soon will find a continual change—

Something novel will always appear;  
 The world though 'tis round, as about it  
 we go—

Strange ways, turns and crosses we see,  
 But the favourite road which I wish to  
 pursue,

Is through life to go easy and free.

The Traveller braving a bleak winter's day,  
 To what place he feels may resort,  
 When reaching his Inn is as cheerful and  
 gay,

As the sailor that gets into port;  
 Well scated and serv'd his refreshment how  
 sweet!

What comfort it gives to the Heart;  
 And where a few friends unexpectedly  
 meet,

How soon each his tale to impart!

For



# OF APOLLO. 8-

For know this Idea, which none can date,  
Has long been implanted in me,  
That what ever maxims are followed, the  
best

Is through life to go easy and free.

With flight with good humour, I do not  
know much.

In sentiment I am not distant  
In opinion for differing from company I do,  
I scorn any kind to do with.

That the dictates of reason I do not  
follow.

Such prejudice I am not of  
From debates, how long I do not  
or long.

You I should a matter will not  
Then give me the man I do not  
That a way I do not follow.

We can't think of it, I do not  
all.

Is through life to go easy and free.

As sons of the whip must to business at  
tend,

I always make much of the day;  
At night with my Bottle, my Pipe, and my  
Friend,

The moments glide smoothly away,  
All Travellers truly, it must be confest,  
Good orders are glad to receive,

Disappointments in trade never rob me of rest,

For madnels I deem it to grieve;  
Then my worthies, the toast which to give  
I'm inclin'd.

I trust with all minds will agree,  
• Willing every free-hearted friend to man-  
kind.

• "Through this life to go easy and free."

# S O N G LXXIII.

**W**HAT means that tender sigh, my  
dear?

Why silent drops that crystalize and fall?  
What jealous fears disturb thy breast?  
Where Love and peace delight to rest;  
What tho' thy Jocky has been seen,  
With Molly sporting on the green;  
'Twas but an artful trick to prove  
The matchless force of Jenny's love.

'Tis true a rose-guy I had dress'd  
To grace the white Daphne's breast  
But 'twas at her d fire, to try,  
If Damon cast a jealous eye,  
Those flowers will fade by morning dawn,  
Neglected, scatter'd o'er the lawn;  
But in thy fragrant bosom lies,  
A sweet perfume that never dies.

SONG

## S O N G LXXIV

THE heavy hours are almost past,  
 That put my love and me;  
 My longing eyes may hope at last  
 Their only wish to see.  
 But how, my Delia, will you meet:  
 The man you've lost so long?  
 Will love in all your pulses beat,  
 And tremble on your tongue?

Will you in ev'ry look declare  
 Your heart is still the same,  
 And heal each idly anxious care,  
 Our fears in absence frame?  
 Thus, Delia thus I paint the scene,  
 When we shall shortly meet,  
 And try what yet remains between,  
 Of loving time the cheat.

But if the dream that soothes my mind  
 Shall fail, and grow false prove;  
 If I and could at length be find,  
 You have forgot to love;  
 All I of Venus, ask is this,  
 No more to let us join,  
 But grant me her the flattering Lill,  
 To die and think thee mine.

## THE CHOICE

## SONG LXXV.

**E**VERY man I find some favourite pleasure  
 Some to White's run for play, some to  
 Patten's for rows;  
 At arch Slater's draw pliz others thunder  
 And some rishers delight to hear Nichol's  
 But such idle amusements I can fully shun,  
 And my pleasures confine to my dogs and  
 my gun.

Soon as Phœbus hath finish'd his summer's  
 career,  
 And his maturing aid blest the husbandman's  
 care;  
 Then when Roger and Nell have enjoy'd  
 harvest home,  
 And the labours all o'er, are at leisure to  
 roam:  
 From the noise of the town and its follies I  
 And I range o'er the fields with my dogs  
 and my gun.

When my pointers around me all steadily  
 stand,  
 And there's not a dog alive but the dog I  
 command;

When

When the covey he springs, I bring down  
my bird,

I've a pleasure no pastime beside can afford;  
No pastime no pleasures none under the sun  
Can be equal to mine with my dogs and my  
gun.

When the coveys I've thind, to the wood  
I render,

And I breathe thro' the thickets, devoid of  
all fear,

There I exert freely my levelling skill,  
And with Partridges and woodcock my  
office fill.

Certain dash where I find them, they fall  
down can fall,

All my dogs are so sure, and so fatal my  
gun.

My spaniels never bubble, they are under  
command

Some range at a distance, and some hunt at  
hand,

When a woodcock they flush or a pheasant  
they bring,

With heart-cheering voices how they make  
the woods ring!

Then for Music lest I fail to Ramebach run  
My concert's a chorus of dogs and a gun.

While I hunt o'er the brown rustic hills  
and the vales,

F. S.

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## THE CHOICE

Gayful health I secure, breathing untainted  
 joys;  
 Nature's beauties I view, and contemplate  
 their source,  
 And I bid Pleasure, for in its midst  
 I come;  
 Then Horses, Bucks, and pointers enjoy all  
 your fun,  
 I will cry you not while I've dogs and a gun  
 When at night we chat over the fate of the  
 day,  
 And bid o'er the table my conquer'd  
 spoils lay,  
 Then I think of my friends, and to each  
 send a part,  
 For my friends to oblige is the pride of my  
 heart;  
 Thus the vices of Town and its follies I shun,  
 And my pleasures centre to my dogs and  
 my gun.

## S O N G LXXVI.

**L**AST Martinmas pore a Year,  
 Odds wicks! how pleas'd was I  
 When Hiving-day was come,  
 And Hails were all flung by;  
 Our Hearts and Hoofs were light;  
 We had no more to care for.

With.

# OF APOLLO.

67

With every Laddie Laff,  
And every Laddie Laff.

Ay, you'd laugh to see,  
How bravely we'd wae,  
'Twas neither heck! nor he,  
As the Fiddler jigg'd his knee,  
Three idle dancin' dees,  
And a whoop, Lads! hey for Cumberland  
ho!

Laddie, tow row,  
Te taddie, danc de daddie, di!

I'll never forget the time  
I went to Roffey Fair,  
With a pair of new-soled Pumps  
To dance when I get there;  
How I, o' the old Harry Nod,  
Was mounted like a King,  
And Dick ran on before,  
With Hawkie in a String.

Then soon as I'd sell'd my Cow,  
And dar'd my Pumps clean thro',  
And drank till I was fou,  
Wi' "Neighbour how d'ye do?"  
"Ife gaily—how are you?"  
Lead it was whoop, Lads! hey for Cum-  
berland. ho!

Laddie, tow row,  
Te taddie, danc de daddie, di!

SONG

94 THE CHOICE

S O N G LXXVI

**B**EHOLD, from every hostile shore,  
And all the danger of the main,  
Where billows mount and tempests roar,  
Your sailing vessel's return'd again;  
Returns, and with her brings a heart,  
That ne'er from Sally shall depart.

After long toils and troubles past,  
How sweet to tread our native soil,  
With compass'd to return at last,  
And deck our faces with the smile,  
No one to beauty should pretend,  
But such as due his rights defend.

S O N G LXXVII

**L**ET gay ones and great  
Make the most of their fate;  
From pleasure to pleasure they run  
Well, who cares a jot?  
I envy them not,  
While I have my dog and my gun.

For exercise, air,  
To the fields I repair,  
With sports unconfined and light,  
The blisses I find,  
No sighs leave behind,  
But health and diversion unite.

SONG



## S O N G     LXVIII.

**I**YOW had I had good of his dear  
 company,  
 In the midst of his pleasures for well I try,  
 To think of to love a creature as me,  
 A poor old woman of eighty.

Were your sparks to come round me, in love  
 with each charm,  
 Say I have nothing to say t'ye;  
 I can get a young fellow to keep my back  
 warm  
 Though a poor old woman of eighty.

John Strong is as comely a lad as you'll see,  
 And one that will never say nay t'ye;  
 I cannot but think what a comfort he'll be,  
 To me an old woman of eighty.

Then fear not, ye fair ones, though long  
 past your youth,  
 You'll have lovers in scores beg and pray  
 t'ye;  
 Only think of my fortune, who have but  
 one tooth,  
 A poor old woman of eighty.

## S O N G LXXX

FOR England when, with fav'ring gale,  
Our gallant ship up channel steer'd,  
And scudding under easy sail,  
The high blue western land appear'd,  
To heave the lead the seaman sprung,  
And to the pilot cheerly sung,  
By the deep nine.

And bearing up to gain the port,  
Some well-known object kept in view,  
An abbey tow'r, an harbour fort,  
Or beacon to the vessel true;  
While oft the lead the seaman flung,  
And to the pilot cheerly sung,  
By the mark seven.

And as the much-lov'd shore we near,  
With transports we behold the roof,  
Where dwelt a friend or partner dear,  
Of faith and love a matchless proof;  
The lead once more the seaman flung,  
And to the watchful pilot sung,  
Quarter less five.

SONG

## S O N G. LXXXI.

**I** T is of value would wifely to hear reason,  
 And to the I flon I give,  
 Since to day is for pleasure the feafon,  
 O! feize the dear moment and live.  
 'Tis a maxim we all muft remember,  
 While the fun fhines be fire to make hay;  
 Which remains us, from June to December,  
 That we ought to make much of to-day.

Awake then with care and with fervour,  
 And with all that lurchen the mind;  
 He who puts off puts off till to-morrow,  
 Loses that which he wifhes to find.  
 The prefent for mirth is the hour.—  
 The prefent's the time to be gay;  
 With fiddle let us take then the flow'rs,  
 Which can only be gather'd to-day.

Our condition as quickly may vary,  
 As the wind, or the tide, or the moon,  
 Our fchemes and our projects rufcarry,—  
 Nay, e'en death may o'er take us as foon,  
 Then fince life is no more than a bubble,  
 Enjoy all its gifts while ye may;  
 Tomorrows may enter with trouble,  
 Then at leaft be gay of to-day.

## S O N G LXXXII.

WHEN weary Sol gang'd down the west  
 And silent Cynthia rose,  
 The flow'r-cemell'd banks I press'd,  
 Where crystal Eden flows;  
 Young Jeckey sat him by my side  
 I ken'd his meaning soon;  
 He ask'd a kiss, I leon'ful cry'd,  
 Ah! hoot awa ye loon.

Dear Peggy, dinna flout a youth,  
 Or gi' that beforen pain,  
 Which pants wi' heron and wi' trout  
 To take ye for its ain;  
 Then on his pipe he sweetly play'd,  
 An' I delightid nae mair,  
 But ra mair yeets to him I shak'd  
 Than "Hoot awa ye loon."

He said mels John should us unite,  
 If I to kirk wad gang,  
 My bosom beat wi' new delight,  
 Wi' him I went alang;  
 The bonny lad I found sincere,  
 Not waning like the moon,  
 So dear I loo him, I na mair  
 Will "Hoot awa ye loon."

SONG

# OF APOLLO.

93

## S O N G LXXXIII.

**W**HEN the rosy morn appearing  
Paints with gold the verdant lawn,  
Bees, on banks of thyme disporting,  
Sip the sweets, and hail the dawn.

Wabbling birds, the day proclaiming,  
Carol sweet the lively strain;  
They forsake their leafy dwelling,  
To secure the golden grain.

See content, the humble gleaner  
Take the scatter'd ears that fall;  
Nature all her children viewing,  
Kindly bounteous, cares for all.

## S O N G LXXXIV.

**T**HE lark's shrill note awakes the morn,  
The breezes wave the ripen'd corn;  
The yellow harvest, free from spoil,  
Rewards the happy farmer's toil:  
The flowing bowl succeeds the flail,  
O'er which he tells the joyful tale.

ONG

SONG

## S O N G LXXXV.

ONCE the Gods of the Greeks, at amoro-  
fial feaft,

Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing;  
Merry Momus amongst them was fet as a  
guelt:

(Homer fays the celestials love laughing.)  
On each of the Sins the humour'd deild,  
So none cou'd his joke difpute or Gold,  
He fung, reported, and fome fover stories  
And at length he began in on Jove.

"See, Atlas, who long has the univerfe bore,  
Grows grievously tired of late, O firs,  
He fays that mankind are much worth than  
"So he begs to be cauld of his weight."  
Jove knowing the earth on poor Atlas was  
bur'd

From his foulders command'd the ball;  
Gave his daughter, Attraction, the charge  
of the world,  
And ſhe hung it up high in his hall.

Mifs, pleas'd with the preſent, reviv'd the  
globe round

To ſee what each climate was worth;  
Like a diamond the whole with an atmo-  
ſphere bound,

And the variously plant'd the earth:

With

With silver, gold, jewels, the India endow'd,  
 France and Spain the taught vineyards to  
 rear; (be flow'd,  
 What fain'd each clime, on each clime the  
 And Freedom the found flourish'd here.

Four Cardinal Virtues she left in this isle,  
 As guardians to Cherish the root;  
 The bickens of Liberty then fast did smile,  
 And Englishmen fed on the fruit. (rave  
 Thus fed and thus bred, from a bounty to  
 O preserve it as free as 'twas given!  
 We will whilst we've breath; nay, we'll  
 grasp it in death,  
 Then return it untainted to heaven

## SONG LXXXVI

**BY** the gaily circling glass  
 We can see how minutes pass,  
 By the hollow flask are told  
 How the waning night grows old.  
 Soon, too soon, the busy day  
 Drives us from our sports away;  
 What have we with day to do?  
 Sons of Time, we're made for you.

## S O N G LXXXVII.

**E**RE round the huge oak that o'er-  
daws you mill,

The fond ivy had dar'd to entwine;  
Ere the church was a ruin that nods on the  
hill,

Or a rook built his nest on the pine;

Could I trace back the time, a far distant  
date,

Since my forefathers toil'd in this field,  
And the farm I now hold in your honor's  
estate,

Is the same that my grandfather till'd.

He dying, bequeath'd to his son a good  
name,

Which, unfulfill'd, descend'd to me;  
For my child I've preserv'd it unblemish'd  
with shame,

And it still from a spot shall be free.

## S O N G LXXXVIII.

**W**HILST with village maids I stray,  
Sweetly wears the joyous day;

Cheerful glows my artless breast.

Mild content the constant guest.

SONG



## SONG LXXXIX.

JACK Ratlin was the ablest seaman,  
 None like him could hand, reef, or fleet;  
 No dangerous toil but he'd encounter  
 With skill, and in contempt of fear.  
 In fight a lion,—the battle ended,  
 Meek as the bleating lamb he'd prove;  
 Thus Jack had manners, courage, merit,  
 Yet did he sigh,—and all for love.

The song the jest, the flowing liquor,  
 For none of these had Jack regard;  
 He, while his messmates were carousing,  
 High sitting on his pending yard,  
 Would think upon his fair one's beauties,  
 Swear never from such charms to rove;  
 That truly he'd adore them living,  
 And, dying, sigh—to end his love.

The same express the crew commanded  
 Once more to view their native land,  
 Amongst the rest brought Jack some tidings:  
 Would it had been his love's fair hand!  
 Oh! Fate! her death defac'd the letter—  
 Instant his pulse forgot to move!  
 With quiv'ring lips, and eyes uplifted,  
 He heav'd a sigh!—and dy'd for love.



## S O N G XCI

**F**OUR and twenty fiddlers all on a row,  
 Four and twenty fiddlers all on a row,  
 There was fiddle faddle fiddle, and my fem-  
 demi double demme quibble down below.  
 It is my lady's holiday, therefore let us be  
 merry.

Four and twenty harpichords all on a row,  
 There was concord, dis-  
 concord, the chords, 3ds, 5ths, and 8ths, common  
 time, triple time, count four time, one  
 two, and almost three, fiddle faddle, &c.

Four and twenty holes all on a row--there  
 was tittle tattle, prattle prattle, concord,  
 discord &c.

Four and twenty Parliament men all on a  
 row,—there was majority and minority,  
 with loyalty and treason, without a word  
 of treason, tittle tattle, &c.

Four and twenty wassail women all on a row,  
 —there was up to the elbows in ills, Ma-  
 jority, &c.

Four and twenty lawyers all on a row,—  
with their settlements in tail, damages,  
and so forth, likewise and whereby, for-  
asmuch and also, as might nevertheless  
appear notwithstanding, up to the elbows,  
&c.

Four and twenty old maids all on a row,—  
there was I hate all male creatures, with  
their, &c.

Four and twenty lings all on a row,—there  
was Moses, Homer, Hercules and War  
Tyler, multum in parvo, I hate, &c.

Four and twenty singing masters all on a  
row,—there was don't pitch it so high  
now you're too low, catches and glees,  
behind the bush with my highland laddie,  
O my bonny Moses, Homer, &c.

Four and twenty lovers all on a row,—there,  
was ogling and kissing, my dear, my love,  
my love, my dear, don't pitch it so high,  
now you're too low catches and glees,  
behind the bush with my highland laddie,  
O my bonny Moses, Homer, Hercules  
and War Tyler, multum in parvo, I hate  
all male creatures, with their settlements

F

By  
Tim

in tail, damages and so forth, likewise  
 and whereby, forasmuch and also, as  
 might nevertheless appear notwithstanding  
 in, up to the elbows in fuds, majority  
 and minority, with loyalty and reason,  
 without a word of treason, tittle tattle,  
 prittle prattle, conchords, discords, forin-  
 kle the chords, 3ds, 5ths and 8ths, com-  
 mon time, tripple time count your time,  
 one, two and almost three, fiddle faddle  
 and my semi demi double demme quibble  
 down below, it is my lady's holiday,  
 therefore let us be merry.

## S O N G      XCII.

**F**ROM tyrant laws and customs free,  
 We follow sweet variety:

By turns, we drink,

And dance, and sing,—

Time for ever on the wing.

By turns, we drink, and dance and sing,—  
 Time for ever on the wing.

Why should niggard rules controul

Transports of the jovial soul;

No ill flitting hours we own;

Pleasure counts our time alone.

## S O N G X C I I I.

**W**HEN rural lads and lasses gay,  
 Proclaim the birth of rosy May,  
 Around the May-pole on the green;  
 The rustic dancer, all are seen,  
 'Twas there young Jockey met my view,  
 His like before I never knew,  
 He Pip'd so sweet and danc'd so gay;  
 Alas he stole my heart away.

At eve when cake and ale went round,  
 He plac'd me next him on the ground,  
 With harmless mirth and pleasing jest;  
 He shone more bright than all the rest.  
 He talk'd of love and press'd my hand,  
 Ah who could such a youth withstand,  
 Well pleas'd I heard all he could say;  
 Alas he stole my heart away.

He often heav'd a tender sigh,  
 While rapture sparkled in his eye,  
 So winning was his grace and air;  
 It might the coldest heart warm there.  
 But when he ask'd me for his bride,  
 I promis'd soon and soon comply'd.  
 What could I on earth could say him nay;  
 Alas he stole my heart away.

SONG

## S O N G      XCIV.

**W**HILE up the shrouds the sailor goes  
Or ventures on the yard,  
The landman, who no better knows,  
Believes his lot is hard.  
But Jack with smiles each danger meets  
Casts anchor, heaves the log,  
Tims all the sails, belays the sheets,  
And drinks his can of grog.

When mountains high the waves that swell  
The vessel rudely bear,  
Now sinking in a hollow dell,  
Now quiv'ring in the air,  
Bold Jack, &c.

When waves 'gainst rocks and quicksands  
    roar.  
You ne'er hear him repine,  
Freezing near Greenland's icy shore,  
Or burning near the line.  
Bold Jack, &c.

If to engage they give the word,  
To quarters all repair,  
While splinter'd masts go by the board,  
And shot sings thro' the air.  
Bold Jack, &c.

## S O N G      XCIV

**I** Am a brisk and sprightly lad,  
 But just come home from sea, Sir;  
 Of all the lves I ever had,  
 A sailor's life for me, Sir.  
 Yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo.  
 Whilst the Boatwain pines all lands  
 With yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, Sir.

What girl but loves the merry tar,  
 We o'er the ocean roam, Sir;  
 In every clime we find a port,  
 In ev'ry port a home, Sir.  
 Yeo, yeo, &c.

But when our country's foes are nigh,  
 Each hasters to his gun, Sir;  
 We make the boasting Frenchman fly,  
 And barge the haughty Don, Sir;  
 Yeo, yeo, &c.

Our foes shew'd, once more on shore,  
 We force our cast with gl'e, Sir;  
 And when all's o'er, we crown our care,  
 And cut a jar to sea, Sir.  
 Yeo, yeo, &c.

SONG



## S O N G      XVI.

Independent glean'd the ample moon,  
 Reflected on the glittering sea,  
 The bell proclaim'd night's awful noon,  
 And scarce a tripple flock the sea;  
 When thus, for sailors, Nature's care,  
 What education has denied,  
 Have of strong sense a bounteous store,  
 By observation well supplied.  
 While thus in bold and honest guise,  
 For Wisdom mov'd his tongue,  
 Drawing from Wisdom Comfort's drop,  
 In math and fair reflection wise,  
 Right cheerfully he sang,      (Sop.  
 Little Ben, that keeps his watch in the main

Why should the hardy tar complain?  
 'Tis certain true he weathers more  
 From dangers on the roaring main,  
 Than lazy lubbers do ashore.  
 Ne'er let the noble mind despair,  
 Though roaring seas run mountains high;  
 All things are built with equal care,  
 Fish-ate or wherry, man or fly.  
 If there's a Power that never errs,  
 And certainly 'tis so,  
 For honest hearts what comforts drop,

As well as kings and emperors,  
 Why not take in tow, (top.)  
 Little Ben, that keeps his watch in the main

What though to distant climes I roam,  
 Far from my darling Nancy's charms,  
 The sweeter is my welcome home,  
 To blissful meetings in her arms;  
 Perhaps she on that sober moon,  
 A lover's observation takes,  
 And longs that little Ben may soon,  
 Relieve that heart which sorely aches  
 Not to fear—that Power that never errs,  
 That guards all things below,  
 For honest hearts what comforts drop,  
 As well as kings and emperors,  
 Will surely take in tow (top.)  
 Little Ben, that keeps his watch in the main

S O N G XCVII.

**P**EACEFUL flamb'ring on the ocean,  
 Seamen fear no danger nigh;  
 The winds and waves in gentle motion,  
 Sooths them with its lullaby.

Is the wind tempestuous blowing,  
 Still no danger they desery;  
 The guileless heart its boon bestowing,  
 Sooths them with its lullaby.

SONG

## S O N G    XCVIII.

**B** Right Chanticleer proclaims the dawn,  
**B** And spangles deck the lawn;  
The lowing herds now quit the lawn,  
The milk springs from the corn;  
Dogs, hunt-finen, round the window throng,  
Fleet Towler leads the cry—  
Arise, the butcher of the song,  
This day a flag must die!  
With a heigh—ho chevvy,  
Hark forward! hark forward! rantivy,  
With a heigh—ho, &c.

The cordial takes its merry round,  
The laugh and joke prevail;  
The huntsman blows a jovial sound,  
The dogs snuff up the gale—  
The upland winds they sweep along,  
O'er fields, through brakes they fly,  
The game is rous'd, too true the song,  
This day a flag must die!  
With a heigh—ho, &c.

Poor flag the dogs thy haunches gore  
The tears run down thy face;  
The huntsman's pleasure is no more,  
His joys were in the chase—

# III. THE CHOICE.

Alike the sportsmen of the town,  
The vir in game in view,  
Are full content to run them down  
That they in turn pursue.  
With a heigh—ho, &c.

## S O N G XCIX.

**R**EMEMBER you hill where Stinchar flows,  
Are moors and mosses mony—O;  
The wint'ry sun the day has clos'd,  
And I'll awa' to Nannie—O.  
The chaffling winds blaw loud and shrill,  
The night's in th' milk and rainy—O;  
I'll tak my plaid, and out I'll steal,  
And o'er the hill to Nannie—O.  
To Nannie—O, to Nannie—O,  
I'll tak my plaid, and out I'll steal,  
And o'er the hill to Nannie—O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet and young,  
Nae anfu' wiles to win ye—O;  
Nae ill bel'd' the flatterin' tongue,  
That wad beguile my Nannie—O.  
Her face is fair, her heart is true,  
As spotless as the's Bonnie—O;  
The op'ning gowan wet wi' dew,  
Nae purer is than Nannie—O.  
Than Nannie—O, &c.

A country lad is my degree,  
And few they be that len me—O;  
But what care I have few there be,  
I'm welcome to my Nannie—O.

My riches is my penny fee,  
And I maun guide it canny—O;  
But warldly gear ne'er troubles me,  
My thoughts are a' in Nannie—O.  
My Nannie—O, &c.

Our auld guidman delights to view  
His sheep and kine thrive bonny—O;  
But I'm as blythe that hands his plew,  
And has na care but Nannie—O.

Come weel, come woe, I care na by,  
I'll tak what heav'n will send me—O;  
Nae ither care in life have I,  
But live and love my Nannie—O.  
My Nannie—O, &c.

## S O N G C.

**S**OUND alarmst! sound alarmst!  
Amid the shades of night,  
Let war-fires fash a blaze of light,  
While victory strides before you,  
Since for life and for freedom we fight,  
Let the soul beat to arms,  
And the word be "*Death or Glory!*"

SONG

## S O N G C I.

**M**Y name's Ted Blarney, I'll be bound,  
**A**nd man and boy, upon this ground,  
 Full twenty years I've bet my round,  
 Crying Vauxhall watch:

And as that time's a little short,  
 With some small folks that here resort,  
 To be sure I have not had some sport,  
 Crying Vauxhall watch.

Oh, of pretty wenches dress so tight,  
 And macaronies, what a sight.  
 Of a moonlight morn I've bid good night,  
 Crying Vauxhall watch.

The lover cries no soul will see,  
 You are deceiv'd, my love, cries she,  
 Dar's dat Irish tafe there—meaning me—  
 Crying Vauxhall watch.

So they goes on with their am'rous talk,  
 Till they gently steals to the dark walk,  
 While I steps aside, no sport to balk,  
 Crying Vauxhall watch.  
 Oh, of pretty wenches, &c.

SONG

## S O N G C H.

**B**EHOLD a damsel in distress,  
 Above sixteen, indeed 'tis true;  
 Forever snub'd by Auntie Bets,  
 A creak old maid on — *fiaty-two*;  
 To Sorrow she'll smile or speak,  
 She'll say that first 'tis Miss Oll name;  
 And then she'll kiss my hand or cheek,  
 'Tis—Forward hully, fye for shame!

But yet I know, 'twixt you and I,  
 'Tis envy only makes her rail—  
 For yet in evening Parson Sly  
 Slept in to taste my father's ale;  
 Close up to Bets his chair he drew,  
 First kiss'd her, then Confess'd a flame;  
 She smil'd and blush'd—when in I flew,  
 And cry'd,—Fye Auntie, fye for shame.

So let her rail no more at me,  
 I think we now may hold her tongue,  
 For woman-kind I plainly see,  
 Are all a like, be old and young:  
 And should young Sorrow urge his suit,  
 A beg the happy devil'd name:  
 Believe me I would not be mute,  
 That all the world cry'd—Fye for shame.

SONG

## S O N G CIII.

**M**Y loving friends, I kiss your hands,  
 For time invites me for to move;  
 On your poor servant lay commands,  
 Who is ambitious of your love  
**HE**—whose pow'r and might, day and night  
 Governs the depths, makes rain to fall,  
 To sun and moon gives course of light,  
 Direct, protect, defend you all!

I do protect, within my breast,  
 Your memory I'll not neglect;  
 On that record I'll lay arrest.  
 Hell's fury shall not alter it.  
 All I desire of earthly bliss,  
 Is to be freed from guilt or thrall;  
 I hope my God will grant me this:  
 GOOD NIGHT, and Joy be wi' you all!

GOOD NIGHT.

THE END.





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